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THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL
AND
OTHER POEMS OF THE PLAINS

By
NELS PEARSON

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
BURTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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McPHERSON, KANSAS

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Remember me in the distance yonder,
I hear the surging of the restless sea;
When every earthly tie must break asunder
Amid the shadows of Eternity.

Oh, Thou who suffered,
Thou who died for us,
Who heard the penitent upon the cross,
Give me the childlike faith to trust in Thee,
Remember me, remember me.

Nels Pearson

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THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

The trail is nearly lost, alas!
Amid the wheat and corn and grass
The fields by hedge divided,
The hand of greed across it runs,
And sweeps away the mark that once
The settler's wagon guided.

It plowed a furrow wide and deep
In Little river's winding steep,
Down where the stream was forded.
Not far away is Stone Corral
Whose ruins many a tale can tell
Of history unrecorded.

It passed before our cabin door,
Then onward to the west it bore
O'er plain and hill and mesa
Around the bare and rocky steep,
Into the canyon dark and deep
By lonely Camp Theresa.

O'er cactus field and withered sage,
Where fiercer yet the blizzards rage,
Its course is rougher, bleaker;
The whitened bones around it gleam,
It tells of many a shattered dream
And dying fortune-seeker.

To us, poor exiles on the plain,
It was the one connecting chain
With Eastern friends and kindred.
With longing eyes we saw the track
And gladly would have wandered back
But stern-faced duty hindered.

The oxen bound for Santa Fe
Came patiently upon their way
With wagon heavy freighted;
They passed the cabin poor and lone
And broke the dreary monotone
Of those who toiled and waited.

The Indian swept upon his raid
And yonder where the bison strayed
We saw the buzzards hover.
Sometime a schooner hurried by
With little children gathered shy
Beneath the wagon cover.

The sunburnt man who held the reins
Looked eagerly upon the plains
A mystery round them clinging;
They stretched around him parched and hot
Without a single garden spot
Wherein a bird was singing.

That land of buffalo grass and sage
Unconquered lay for many an age
And now refused surrender,
But O! the men upon the field—
They won—see how the prairies yield!
The crops of riches' splendor.

O! deep-worn trail of Santa Fe;
You speak of those who passed away
Without this glorious vision;
Who shared the suffering and the toil,
The noon-day heat, the ceaseless toil
But never the fruition.

Tell of the victories they won,
The heroes who are dead or gone,
Tell of the hard privations.
As soft and low as vesper chimes
Tell of the early Kansas times
To coming generations.



THE RETURN.

Hail and farewell! the western winds are blowing!
Our ship is speeding toward the ocean deep. .
In sunset-fire the city spires are glowing,
The waves are glittering where the seagulls sweep.

O Queen of Liberty, who, like a warden,
Still keeps the harbor, holding high your light;
O Ellis isle and old-time Castle Garden,
You call to mind a memory gleaming bright.

Long years ago we stood in wide-eyed wonder
Upon that shore, a shy and wistful group.
We saw the buildings high, the towers yonder,
We saw the trolleys rounding curve and loop.

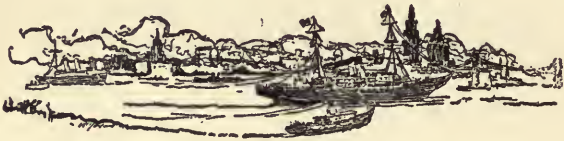
There was our mother, youthful still, and slender,
With little children clinging round her knee,
And there was Father, always brave and tender,
And full of hope, though poor as poor could be.

The crowds were passing with confusing noises,
We heard a speech we could not understand,
But we were glad; like music fell the voices,
This was our dream, this was the promised land.

O land of ours, you gave us higher visions,
Not only bread, but schools for high and low,
You gave us freedom from the old traditions;
You gave us land and power and room to grow.

Today we're outward bound, but father, mother
Live on their homestead on the prairie wide,
We have no land but this, we want no other;
This is our land, our glory and our pride.

Ring out these words above the coward's prattle,
Ring out and drown the traitor's craven cry.
We're speeding onward to the field of battle
To win for you, America, or die.



A TALE OF EARLY DAYS.

Yes, that's the Smoky river, there
Where yonder branches wave,
And that, where flowers are blooming fair
A settler's lowly grave.

Thus spoke the man I chanced to meet
When I had lost my way,
Beguiled by waving fields of wheat
And flowers fresh and gay.

Far in the distance rose the hills
In smoky vapor dressed,
The birthplace of the creeks and rills
That to the river pressed.

In front the grass waved like a sea,
Fanned by a gentle breeze;
And o'er us spread a canopy
Formed by the giant trees.

Around the trees the grapevine swung
With berries that were green
And vines with brilliant flowers clung
And laced their leaves between.

There at our feet a lowly mound
Hid from the sun that glowed,
And there deep channeled in the ground
The winding river flowed.

I stood and wondered who had died
And found that peaceful bed,
I had forgotten all beside
Until the stranger said,

“Come, friend, the afternoon is hot
And here’s a shady place,
There lingers round this lovely spot
A tale of early days.”

We walked in silence side by side
Up to a fallen tree
Where we could view the river glide
Swift onward to the sea.

I marvelled at the fields of gold,
The change of hill and dell
And long I listened while he told
Of those who wrought so well.

“Among the old-time pioneers
That memory still retains,
There’s one who lived here many years
While these were desert plains.

He used to walk behind the plow
With slightly bended back
And features stern and wrinkled brow,
They called him Settler Jack.

The lonely cabin where he stayed
Was silent as could be;
No children round the corners played
In glorious jubilee.

But he had faced the withering blast
Through summers hot and dry,
Perhaps the future West had passed
In dreams before his eyes.

I see the place he used to till,
The newly broken sod,
The pathway winding from the hill
By herds of buffalo trod.

Down to the river-side it led,
A buffalo retreat,
Where high banks jutting overhead
Shut out the noon-day heat.


Our school was of the humble kind,
The window panes were cracked,
But children with a happy mind
Made up whate'er it lacked.

Around it rolled a sea of grass
For many and many a mile,
A tall and heavy waving mass
That told of fertile soil.

It was an Indian Summer day
So beautiful and still,
A hazy mist of autumn gray
Hung o'er the distant hill,

The sumac glowed in red attire
Down by the river's brim
And faintly shone the prairie fire
By the horizon dim.

Then all at once rose in the West
A cloud of flashing thunder
With snowy fleece upon its crest
And deepest black in under.

 We heard the hollow, moaning songs,
Sung as the storm wind came
And then we saw the leaping tongues
That painted heaven in flame.

“The prairie fire” whose voice was that?
It echoed through the school.
“Out, out upon the buffalo path,
Strike for the river cool.

We crowded out into the storm
And through the smoke and wrack
We saw the weather-beaten form
Of lonely Settler Jack.

He bore us onward in the blast
Through grasses tall and rank
And down the river side at last
We rushed behind the bank.

The coyotes and the buffaloes
Came rushing o'er the ground
In wild confusion, friends and foes,
For the same haven bound.

We listened but we could not hear
The sound of human voice,
The fire was roaring far and near,
It deadened every noise.

And like a hungry beast of prey
Upon the river broke,
Where shielded by the bank we lay
Amid the blinding smoke.

It gathered strength and tried to leap
Upon the other side,
But hissing fell upon the deep,
And there in madness died."

Oh, could they speak, these prairies here,
What stories they could tell
Of many a hardy pioneer
Who slumbers where he fell.

The callous hand, the sunburned face,
Are half forgotten now,
The sod house and the camping place,
Are leveled by the plow.

But sometimes still my memory turns
Back to the long ago,
Again the desert round me burns
Beneath the noon-day's glow.

Again the tented wagon train
Is filled with pioneers,
The conquest of the mighty plain
Is ringing in my ears.

Our blankets at the close of day
Upon the plains are spread,
Around us prairie-fires at play
Gleam in a garland red.

Again behind the breaking plows
We turn the prairie soil,
The giant of the desert bows
Before the sons of toil.

I'm with them through the years of drought
When they have toiled in vain,
I feel the hot winds of the South
Upon my cheeks again.

And memories of the settlers grand
My heart shall ever keep,
They labored with unselfish hand,
They sowed that we might reap.

THRESHING ON THE PRAIRIES.

Cloudless is the morning sky
Stars are growing dimmer,
On the stubble brown and dry
Not a dew-drop's glimmer.
Willows down beside the creek
Rise above the sedges;
Quails and thrushes gather thick
In the sheltering hedges.
Goldenrods and sunflowers sweet
By the road side dimple;
Flowers that stand the burning heat,
Hardy, plain and simple.
On the road behind the corn
Comes a wagon's rattle,
Breaks the stillness of the morn,
Rouses up the cattle
And the jolly threshing crew
With their talk and laughter
Swing into the open view
Just a minute after.
Now the pitchers climb the stack,
See the smoke is rising black
From the engine farther back,
And the separator-man
Climbs around with oiling-can.

In his whistle, loud and clear,
Blows the grimy engineer,
Wheels and belts begin to whirr,
Screens and hinges shake and stir,
Winds are still and over all
Straw and chaff like showers fall
From the giant blower,
Lower still, and lower.
Blinding is the dust and chaff
But the threshers only laugh;
Lift the bundles, golden-brown,
Pitch them on the carrier down;
Like a stream,
Rolling on,
Flash and gleam,
They are gone.
How the separator rocks,
Trembling like a living thing,
Like a racer in the ring,
As it fills the wagon-box,
All it can hold,
Gleaming like gold,
Product of toil
Fresh from the soil.
We are hungry, we are black,
When we reach the cooking-shack
And we wash our hands and face
Marshal in and take our place
On the benches hard and bare,

Plain, but plentiful our fare,
Such as prairie countries yield
From the garden and the field.
When at last our day is done,
It is late, the evening gone,
And we stretch our weary limbs
Where the crickets sing their hymns,
Hay and blankets are our bed
And our lights are overhead.
Peace and toil our senses steep
In forgetfulness and sleep.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

Though long ago, that summer day
In memory lingers still.

A hazy mist of autumn gray
Hung o'er the distant hill.
The sumac glowed in red attire
Down by the river's brim
And faintly shone the prairie fire
By the horizon dim.

Then all at once rose in the west
A cloud of storm and thunder
With snowy fleece upon its crest
And deepest black in under.
We heard the hollow moaning songs,
Around us, over head,
We saw the maddened, leaping tongues
That painted heaven in red.

The coyote and the buffalo
Came rushing o'er the ground
In wild confusion, friend and foe,
All for the river bound.
Quick to the door the teacher came
To save her frightened flock.
Our homeward road was all aflame,
The buffalo path we took.

Down to the river-side it led,
A buffalo retreat,
Where high banks jutting overhead
Shut out the noonday heat.
We raced through grasses tall and rank
A race with fire and death,
At last beside the stream we sank,
Exhausted, out of breath.

We listened but we could not hear
The sound of human voice,
The fire was roaring far and near,
It deadened every noise,
And like a hungry beast of prey
Upon the river broke
Where shielded by the bank we lay
Amid the blinding smoke.

It gathered strength and tried to leap
Upon the other side
But hissing fell upon the deep
And there in madness died.
Our home was gone, the cabin lay
In embers glowing red.
We wandered till the end of day
Like those whose hopes have fled.

But father came and labored hard
And built a shelter rude,
And paced, a sentinel on guard,
In that vast solitude.
Tucked in the bed by mother made,
Our little prayers were said.
The prairie fires that round us played
Gleamed in a garland red.

QUEEN OF DREAMS.

O surely, though a stranger,
The freedom and the glow
Of pioneer and ranger
Must follow where I go,
For I was born 'mid splendor
Of prairies rolling free
And loving hands and tender
Were those that sheltered me.

The dancing prairie fire,
The grass by dew impearled,
The buds on tree and brier
Made beautiful my world.
The dreamer's necromancy
Was then within my reach.
I sailed the ship of fancy
To many a tropic beach.

I drew from magic places
The queen of fairy-land
To tread with me the mazes
Of childhood, hand in hand.
O now as I review it,
How vivid grows the scene;
I stood—before I knew it,
A lad of seventeen.

And sweet it was to listen
To woman free from guile
When love had broken prison
And beamed in look and smile.
The sky has lit her tapers
For reverie tonight;
Forgotten are my papers,
A figure glimmers white.

A form of beauty lingers
A moment where I stand,
And precious little fingers
Are pressed within my hand:
O come and let us wander
Without a thought of care
Upon the prairies yonder;
My childhood beacons there.

And let me whisper slowly
Before you say farewell,
A secret sweet and holy,
I never dared to tell;
You came so like a fairy;
So like a queen you came;
I met you on the prairie;
I heard them speak your name.

The roses by the river
And by the laughing streams,
They bloomed more fair than ever
For you were Queen of Dreams.
You were the Love, the Fairy,
My Boyhood's fancy knew.
My vision on the prairie,
O Sweetheart, it was you.

ZINGERLEE.

It was I and Zingerlee,
On the Smoky river, we
Floated where the water rolled
And the sunflower dipped her gold.
Beautiful was Zingerlee,
Full of laughter, full of glee.
O the joy, the melody,
All alone with Zingerlee.
There was magic in the air,
Buds were bursting everywhere,
Round us cooed the turtle-dove,
Every flower spoke of love.
In the glamour and the shade
By the trees and willows made,
Darling hands were fondly pressed,
Treasured love at last confessed.
Oh the lips that half deny
Ecstasy of love's reply.
Sweeter lips were never kissed,
Lovelier eyes ne'er filled with mist.
Eyes of wonder, eyes of blue,
With the love-light shining through;
Cheeks as fair as morning-light,
Rosy red and lily white.
Days may come and days may go
When the roses bud and blow,
None can be as fair to me
As that one with Zingerlee.

THE SINGER.

The wild applause rang loud and long
In the theatre filled by the jubilant throng
But the singer herself was cold somehow
And only replied with a chilly bow.

She stepped to her room with a heart of grief
And took from a casket a hidden leaf;
Now she sits alone in the silent night
'Mid laurel wreaths and flowers bright.

But the laurel wreaths and the flowers gay
Awake in her heart a slumbering lay.
She bends her head and her tears fall hot
On the leaves of an old forget-me-not.

THE PRAIRIES OF KANSAS.

I am south of the river, the Rio Grande,
Around me are men in sombreros,
And down on the plaza the monuments stand,
Erected for Mexican heroes.
I've camped in the mountains, there's many a gem,
I've listened to Spanish romances,
But today I am restless, I care not for them,
I long for the prairies of Kansas.

I'd like to be there in the sweet summer-night
When abloom are the locust and callas,
When the lovely catalpas are dressed all in white
And the fireflies are haunting the hollows.
I've heard the wild song of the birds on the wing,
Where the surge of the ocean advances;
But Oh! for the tune that the harvesters sing
On your wheat-covered prairies, O Kansas.

I know that your winters are often unkind;
Your seasons and elements vary,
Sometime in a fury, relentless and blind,
You wither the crops on the prairie,
But yet, from this valley, this fairyland wild,
Where near me the waterfall dances,
I long for the places I knew as a child,
I long for the prairies of Kansas.

And here, what a sunset! aglow is the west
In colors of lingering beauty.
The sunlight is gleaming on helmet and crest
Where Mexican troops are on duty.
It gleams on the saddle, on bridle and stripe,
Where the mustang defiantly prances.
It gleams like the glory when wheatfields are ripe
On the billowy prairies of Kansas.

The soldiers are marching in front for review,
The peons, the mountaineers, wiry.
It is war; it is Mexico passing thru
The trials, the furnaces fiery.
The people in bondage, in ignorance chained,
The scattered tribes of Caranzas,
They grope for the blessings that you have attained,
O fortunate people of Kansas.

I watch them go marching by plaza and lake,
On their way to the barracks proceeding,
And my spirit grows heavy; I see their mistakes,
I know it's an army they're needing,
But not of the pattern that conquers and rules
By the power of bayonets and lances,
But an army of teachers and statesmen, with schools
Like those on the prairies of Kansas.

THE MAPLE TREE.

Sometimes when idle hours are mine
I pass the grove of elm and pine;
The reddening peach and apricot
And garden trees are all forgot.
I seek the lonely maple tree
Where once I played in thoughtless glee;
There comes the meadow lark again
And sings its old familiar strain;
There comes to me from early days
So many a kind and friendly face;
Let fashion call her worshipper
To ball room or to theatre,
I love the labor and the stress,
The settler of the wilderness.
The farmer, unaffected, free,
The home in its simplicity.
Are you a friend of honest worth,
Of strong but humble thing of earth?
Then listen, you will understand
The settler of a barren land.

Our prairie schooners were headed West,
We came afar and we needed rest,
All day we looked o'er that barren plain
For sheltering tree, but we looked in vain,
Then all at once in the distance rose
As fair a tree as the forest grows;

It raised to Heaven its giant form
And bade defiance to fire and storm.
The wind had wakened its vibrant keys,
It sang victorious melodies.

Not many flowers around it grew
For winds were hot and the rains were few ;
But every summer with matchless grace
Its beauty hallowed that desert place.
When August came with the sultry skies
That shady spot was a paradise.
There came the farmer to cool his brow,
The oxen weary with load and plow,
The traveler faint from the burning sun.
It gave its shelter to every one,
That day we knew what the soil could do,
And courage sprang in our hearts anew.

Oh endless prairie! Oh giant tree!
More beautiful than you used to be,
Today you show us the wondrous change
The settler wrought over field and range.
I too have changed, but the change in me,
Is not of Summer, Oh! giant tree,
I am no longer the man who faced
The wilderness where the bison grazed,
I bear the marks of the blizzard's rage
The labor hard and the hand of age,
But yet, again to the bugle call,
My soul would answer and face it all,
To break the way and to toil and bless
The barren plain and the wilderness.

THE TRAMP.

I beg and I wander,
The money I squander
For whiskey I buy on the road,
Then onward I stumble
And drink till I tumble
Asleep in the ditch with my load.

My senses awaken,
The odor of bacon
Is sweet to a poor hungry wretch.
I wander unsteady
Where dinner is ready
And children come home on the stretch.

I dream of a woman,
For still I am human,
A cottage, a dinner for me,
With maple and cherry
And children so merry
And baby to climb on my knee.

And meekly I enter
The garden and venture
To the porch by the ivy hung o'er;
For the prayer I utter
The bread and the butter
They pass through the half open door.

The children have hidden,
The house is forbidden,
I turn to the highway again,
All withered and wizen
I long for the prison,
The rock pile, the ball and the chain.

I have not a penny
Nor friends have I any,
I have not a land of my own.
In a car full of lumber
Half frozen I slumber
With a wretch like myself, or alone.

THE KANSAS SONG.

To Kansas we came and we staked out our claim,
We lived through the heat and the drought,
We built of the sod and we learned how to plod
In the gales of the withering South.
For miles o'er the plains, o'er the hills up and down
We carted our wheat and our corn to the town.
But here's to Kansas, Hurrah!
A song to the golden West.
Oh! here's to Kansas, Hurrah! hurrah!
For Kansas we love the best.
But now you must know that we are not so slow,
We're building of brick and of steel,
On the prairie the song of the reaper is heard
And the hum of the automobile.
Our cities are thriving, our cities are fair
And towering high in the sunshine and air.
And here's to Kansas, Hurrah!
A song to the golden West,
Oh, here's to Kansas, hurrah! hurrah!
For Kansas we love the best.
The girl of the West by the breezes caressed,
Her cheeks with the roses aglow—
Her smile like the sunshine to the pioneer homes,
Her voice like a melody low.
The girl of the city, the girl of the farm,
Who caught from the prairie its mystical charm,
To the Kansas girl, hurrah!
A song to the girl of the West,
To the Kansas girl, hurrah! hurrah!
To the maiden we love the best.

THE SISTER.

Through the open window straying,
Gentle winds are softly playing
 In the curtained room;
To the sick a message bringing
Of the birds in rapture singing
 And the flowers in bloom.

But so slowly goes the minute
In a room with sickness in it,
 Hark! a step is on the stair;
And all eyes now animated
Beam as if they long had waited
 For a loved one there.

She is coming; see her enter
Fair as if an angel sent her
 Down from Paradise;
Maiden with the radiant features
Lovliest of mortal creatures
 In the sufferer's eyes.

Once she floated animated
In the dance, intoxicated
 By life's selfish mirth.
Every wish from her was granted
In a land by wealth enchanted
 And by noble birth.

But she heard, that, far beneath her
Down where only grief would meet her
 In the city's strife,
Human beings in misery wasted
And the pleasures never tasted
 Of her joyous life.

And it touched with deepest feeling
All her soul the love revealing
 That so long was hid;
Now she labors on unceasing
Always pain and sorrow easing
 As her Saviour did.

Eager eyes for her are gazing
Where the dazzling lights are blazing
 In the festive halls;
For they miss the queenly beauty
Now in humble paths of duty
 Where her Master calls.

There her courage does not leave her
E'en though battling with the fever
 In the poisonous air;
Tenderly her fellow mortals
Taking from death's open portals
 With her skillful care.

She beholds with rapture burning
Roses to the cheeks returning
 Beauteous as before;
But sometime the soul is beating
'Gainst the bars and swiftly fleeting
 To the mystic shore.

Then her voice so full of pity
Tells of the Eternal City
 And the Saviour's power.
Oh, the thanks we can not measure
Speaks to her in farewell pressure
 In the parting hour.

For her work of love untiring
For the works she spoke inspiring
 Peace and heavenly trust,
When the star of hope was hidden
And the soul in paths forbidden
 Sank into the dust.

What are all the earthly treasures
And the shallow fleeting pleasures
 To the joy she feels?
For an angel bright and holy
Hovers o'er the maiden lowly
 Where in prayer she kneels.

A PRAYER.

Let the waves of music roll
To the God of love, my soul,
Lift thy voice in song and prayer
For His love and tender care.

Lord, we turn to Thee in praise
For Thy all abounding grace
'Twas Thy hand that bore us on
When our little strength was gone.

'Twas Thy word that cheered and gave
Faith and hope beyond the grave.
Stay with us, oh tender Guide
Till the shades of eventide.

Praise Him for to earth He came
And His love is still the same,
E'en misfortune, we shall find
Comes in love, for He is kind.

When our earthly days are past
Let us come to Thee at last
Numbered with the angel throng
Praising Thee in joyful song.

*LOVE AND POETRY.**A Paraphrase from the Swedish of Braun.*

I, too, have loved in my youthful prime
And written boldly love's silly rhyme.
I loved a beauty of modern times,
A little angel from fairy climes,
And flowery phrases from fancy's land
I gave to her with a liberal hand.

The art of pleasing she knew full well;
My heart was touched and of course I fell.
There was a beauty within her eyes
That seemed to lovers a paradise.
That I was captured, now do not wonder
For wiser mortals have made this blunder,
And how it happened? I do not know it,
But this I know, I became a poet.
The burning deserts, the naked mountains
My fancy clothed with woods and fountains.
A brighter sun from the heaven shone,
The Queen of Night had much fairer grown,
The stars above possessed magic powers,
The earth was decked in the fairest flowers.
On every flower, on every briar,
I breathed forth my poetic fire.
My fancy pictured a cottage lonely
Where I should live with my darling only.

In every mortal I saw a friend.
To love's dominion there was no end.
I loved in Eden 'mid rarest flowers,
I courted muses in charming bowers ;
I felt the touch of the poet's ire
And rhyme I wrote to my heart's desire.
The happiest mortal myself I thought
When she my verses with kisses bought.
O, when that vision of earthly charm
Had fled to me with her open arms,
With tearful eyes, with a sigh and kiss
Thou youthful folly wert still my bliss ;
I ne'er can harbor regret of thee,
On earth a heaven thou gavest me ;
But tender notes from my harp are straying
And I forgot I was only playing.
Well, her fond love died away with time
And I deserted in turn my rhyme.
All things the muses had but engrossed,
I saw how little that I had lost,
And yet I wept when my Eden fair
Dissolved away into empty air.
Her many promises still I knew,
Her beauty lingered in memory too ;
But I rejoice that erasing time
Has done away with my love and rhyme.

OLD MONITOR SCHOOL HOUSE.

George Osgood, take your fiddle
And play a mournful air.
My heart is full of care.
This world is like a riddle
And sometimes like a dirge;
Play, brother George.
This school house, you remember,
So oft with maidens full,
Is gloomy as December
And twice as dull.

Ah, once the old time benches
Were piled out of the way—
Go on and play;
There's nothing here that quenches
The thirst that made you stop.
No, not a drop.
Yes, here the youth assembled
And danced till break of day
And all the rafters trembled
So merry was the play.

Those chandeliers forsaken
Where now the swallows build
The room with splendor filled;
O, how the scenes awaken
And crowd at memory's door—
Play nothing more.

George Osgood stopped his playing
And from the mossy stone
Arose in hurry, saying,
"I'll leave you here alone."

Alone I sat and pondered
Upon the dewy ground
When, lo! I heard a sound;
I started up and wondered,
For through the open door
I heard the music pour,
I saw the chandeliers
Ablaze with dazzling light
And stalwart pioneers
Came riding through the night.

What spells are these that bind me
'Mid scenes of long ago
And faces that I know?
"The Girl I Left Behind Me"
Rings in my startled ear,
So loud and clear,
I heard Jim Redfern calling,
"Now, ready, balance all."
See how the mortar's falling
Down from the shaking wall!

My eyes behold no riches,
See yonder rustic youth
Adown the center skoot;
A cotton shirt and breeches
Is all that he can boast,
And yet he swings the most.
O, here are bonnie lasses
Within these lowly walls
And beauty that surpasses
The Eastern fashion balls.

I love the art of dancing
And asked the nearest girl
If she would take a whirl,
When, lo! the scene entrancing
Grew dim before my sight
And vanished in the night.
George Osgood with his fiddle
And all the joyous throng,
Jim Redfern in the middle,
Into the darkness swung.

BELLMAN.

(From the Swedish of Tegner.)

Make room, make room, another poet's coming.
The joyous Bacchus of the icy North,
Hear how he jokes and hear him softly humming
A song to nymphs that round about him sport.
But Oh, his joys are not amid the glasses,
Not in the idylls he has scattered round.
His drunken eye to loftier beauty passes
As pensive as the Muse on high Parnassus,
A poet's grief to rosy covers bound.

The greatest poet of the North, O sages,
Lies slumbering here beneath your oaken trees,
His song shall last through all the coming ages,
There is no other land with songs like these ;
A song, a lyric, yet it breaks the tether
Of all the rules of art, so free it runs ;
As if on Mount Olympus he had met her
And half unconscious tripped a dance together
With Poetry and Music all at once.

DAISY.

We called her "Daisy" for her face
Had something of that flower's grace
And something of the loveliness
Of hawthorn buds who come to bless
The lonely range.

One night her cheek grew pale and chill,
The cabin was so still, so still,
The wandering coyote's dismal howl,
The hooting of the prairie owl
Sounded so strange.

"She's dying;" no—it was not death,
More even came her fevered breath—
She slept—how glad—how glad we were,
We stood and hardly dared to stir
Beside her bed.

We gathered round her bed again,
We knew that she was better then,
Her face appeared so calm and sweet
And from her cheek the fever heat
At last had fled.

She was so fair, so like a saint,
A maiden such as dreamers paint;
Her soul had seen the land of flowers
That lay too far for eyes like ours
With vision dim.

When joyfully the sun arose
We took her from the cabin close,
We made her bed beneath the tree
Where the birds sang their melody
And morning hymn.

So tenderly we sheltered her
In softest bed of buffalo fur.
We were not blessed with riches then
But Daisy was our own again,
We asked no more.

The wind came to our breath like wine
From cottonwood and scattered pine,
More beautiful the prairie seemed
And brighter lights in heaven gleamed
When day was o'er.

REST.

Softly the evening twilight
Falls over hill and plain,
Down through the garret skylight,
Down through the tinted pane.
Nature reposes.
Still is the forest green,
Still are the garden roses,
Resting serene.

Hearts that are almost breaking
Over the trials met,
Brows that are tired and aching
Sleep and forget.
Strength from the bounteous Giver
Comes with the morning light,
Eyes where the tear-drops quiver,
Close for tonight.

You who are torn asunder,
Struck by the hand of fate,
Meet in the dreamland yonder,
Slumber unlocks the gate.
Lovers departed,
Come to that garden fair,
Friends who are tender-hearted
Gladden you there.

Hushed are the jarring noises,
Labor and tumult cease,
Softly the evening voices
Call you to rest and peace.
Nature reposes,
Still is the forest green,
Still are the garden roses,
Resting serene.

THE SHEPHERD.

He came for our redemption sent,
And mercy following where He went
Shall nevermore be hidden,
Our Shepherd He will ever be
That we may follow glad and free
And do what He has bidden.
Upward, onward
Till the morrow
Free from sorrow
When we gather
In His image round the Father.

THE FISHING TRIP.

From the Swedish of Bellman.

Up, Ammaryllis, awaken, my lily
The weather is stilly,
Cool the air,
The rainbow stretches
O'er heav'n and sketches
For saints and wretches
Pictures rare;
All the birds of night their flight have taken
Neptune sits upon the wave forsaken,
Ammaryllis dear, you must awaken,
Slumber no longer, O eyelids fair.

Here is our shallop, the fishpoles are in it,
Come now this minute
Do not wait;
Hide your long tresses
From Eol's caresses
And 'mid the watercresses
We'll set our bait.
Ammaryllis, see how clear the air is
Every island in its beauty varies,
'Mid the sirens and the water fairies
We'll paddle around till the hour is late.

Where are the hooks and the nets we were making?

Daylight is breaking.

Look at the sky;

O Ammaryllis,

Sweeter than Phyllis

Surely your will is

Not to deny.

Let us paddle where the sea-gull hovers

Or beneath the island's leafy covers

Where we first found out that we were lovers

When Thirsis so angrily hurried by.

Step in the shallop, singing and sailing,

Love is prevailing in our breast

Aeol is jealous,

He grumbles and bellows

Perhaps he would tell us

"Here is no rest,"

Or perhaps it is his tempest hollow

But I care not, with my dear I follow

O'er the water, be it deep or shallow;

Mock me, ye sirens by billows caressed.

THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

I was studying and the fact is,
Used my spare time gaining practice
'Mong the poorest poor.
I had followed without speaking,
Up a stairway, dark and creaking
To a tenement floor.

Far below me swung the trolley,
Building rose across the alley,
Higher still and higher;
Dim and distant looked the people,
And the far cathedral steeple
Caught the sunset's fire.

But around me misery brooded,
Human beings, poor, deluded,
Crowded everywhere.
O, I saw them fever stricken,
Till my soul began to sicken
In a mute despair.

By the sick where she'd been kneeling
Rose a girl with eyes appealing,
And her welcome smiled;
I had come for gain and glory,
She to tell the wondrous story
Of the Bethlehem Child.

Once she floated animated
In the dance, intoxicated
By life's thoughtless mirth;
Every wish and prayer was granted,
In a home that seemed enchanted
By the wealth of earth.

Did she find the nectar bitter?
Did she tire of gold and glitter
And the empty show?
O I know not but I found her,
With the fever struck around her,
In the slums below.

And she labored for the masses,
For the poor, the lower classes
As a simple nurse.
Where the smoke fell thick and thicker,
And the gambling and the liquor
Cast a withering curse.

O the battle and the crisis,
When the fever falls and rises,
In the time of dread;
When the midnight hour comes stealing,
And the shadows on the ceiling
Are the loved and dead.

Then she comes, the courage-giver,
With her smile as kind as ever;
With her tender care.
And the fluttering pulse grows stronger
And the eyes are closed no longer
In a mute despair.

O how great the work and holy,
Thus to labor for the lowly,
To uplift, inspire;
Like a star her memory lingers,
Like a song sung by the singers
Of an angel choir.

CURLY.

He came in rain and vapor
To harvest for my Dad,
A shirt wrapped up in paper,
Was all the grip he had.

His hair was red and curly
He couldn't milk of course,
And never got up early
To help us do the chores.

He talked about Andoover
Where he'd been shocking wheat.
'Twould break the heart of Hoover
To see that fellow eat.

But Dad without complaining
Said, "Let him have the grub,
Whene'er it lets up raining
We'll need him on the job."

I never saw such weather;
The fields were like a flood,
We mired the loads and header
And left them in the mud.

Then we sat down and waited
Until the fields should dry.
To cut, as I have stated,
There was no use to try.

At last the heavens lifted,
A wind was blowing fair,
The clouds above us drifted
And vanished in the air.

That evening Dad told Curly,
"Tomorrow we shall cut,
You'll have to get up early,
Don't let that be forgot."

Next morning bright and early
We mobilized our crew,
But where, O where was Curly?
He came not for review.

He must have hit the trail
And never said good-bye,
For Dad began to rail
At harvest hands—O my!

We should have been out early
To head and load and stack,
But where, O where was Curly
And when would he come back?

A REVERIE.

By the river, by the river,
Where the slender aspens quiver
 Over grass and flowers;
Where the elm and oak are growing
And their giant shadows throwing,
 Forming shady bowers.

There's a pathway where I wander
In sweet solitude and ponder,
 'Neath the evening sky.
There the birds are singing o'er me,
There a vision comes before me
 From the sunny days gone by.

O I know I can not paint her,
For her form is always fainter
 When portrayed by tongue or pen,
Than when sporting o'er the prairie
Slender, graceful as a fairy
 Could you but have seen her then.

Or when questions were debated,
When her form was animated,
 All her soul within her eyes;
For we met sometimes at college
And enlightened with our knowledge
 Any subject 'neath the skies.

O, ye women politicians,
And ye wire-pulling magicians,
 Talking silver, talking gold;
With a trouble that increases
And a stock that never ceases,
 Of the schemes that you unfold.

Keep your speeches flowery laden,
Let me listen to this maiden
 With her winning smile;
Campaign speeches chestnut seasoned,
Can not rival lips that reasoned,
 Free from all your guile.

OUTCAST.

I spoke so harshly yestermorn
'Twas but a beggar in the street,
A tramp, a beggar, tired, forlorn
And ragged, that I chanced to meet.

He asked for money or for bread,
And stood there shivering at my side;
I questioned something that he said,
He answered, but I knew he lied.

What right had I to question him?
I, educated, housed and fed;
He with his vision blurred and dim,
His body starved, his soul half dead.

And then I thought of Magdalene,
I thought of those who came to Christ,
Blind and despised, sinful, unclean,
And how the people were surprised.

When these were healed and went away
With new ambition, kind and strong,
I felt ashamed, I could but pray!
"Forgive me, Lord, for I was wrong."

THE MIRAGE.

Out from the desert's scorching heat
The traveler sought a cool retreat;
And lo! as by a magic spell
A lake arose, and shadows fell
Upon its banks from date and palm—
But round it lay the desert calm.
The waves by gentle breezes fanned,
Were beating slowly on the strand;
He saw the lake from shore to shore,
But not a boat the billows bore;
He saw the trees that round it made
A circle of inviting shade.
But not a cottage met his eye;
He called; but no one gave reply
Save Echo, that his voice pursued
Into the boundless solitude.
Strange! but there was not e'en a sign
Of people in that spot divine.
So bounteously by nature blest!
A garden where the tired may rest,
Like those the Babylonian Queen
Suspended earth and heav'n between;
But he would seek that garden fair,
And rest at least a moment there.
Then from the beaten path he turned
Out where the glistening desert burned;
The sun in heaven seemed to frown,
And pour its flood in anger down.

There were no clouds to hide it now—
There were no winds to cool his brow;
But on he pressed with burning feet.
Now it was near, the waters sweet,
And now again it seemed afar—
But beckoning, like a friendly star.
Was that a skull upon the sand?
Was that a skeleton's bony hand?
That seemed to warn and wave him back
To seek again the beaten track!
In vain! In vain! Bewildered, lost,
He saw but where the billows tossed
Their silver spray upon the beach
So clear and cool, but out of reach.
It sparkled 'neath the foliage dense,
And made his thirst grow more intense.
Still fiercer grew the noonday sun—
His courage now, was almost gone;
His giant strength was failing fast,
And on the sand he sank, at last!
But still his overheated brain
An Eden pictured on the plain—
So near that he could hear the swell
Of billows as they rose and fell.
He tried to plunge into the tide,
But fainted on the sand and died.

FINLAND'S NATIONAL SONG.

Our land, our land, our native land,
O send the echoes forth!
No mountain rising high and grand,
No valleys fair, no wave-beat strand,
More dear than the beloved North,
Our father's home on earth.

Our land is poor and dark our sky
To those who seek for gold.
A stranger passes proudly by,
But O, we love the Northland high!
In towering cliff, in lake and wold,
A gold-land we behold.

We love our river's mighty rush,
Our brooklets dancing light,
Our woodland's moan at even-hush,
Our starry night, our sunset-blush,
All, all that here in song and sight
Has made our life so bright.

With pen and plow our fathers toiled
And here they slumber sweet;
Here, when the war was raging wild,
When fickle fortune frowned or smiled,
Through victory, suffering and defeat,
The heart of Finland beat.

And who shall count her battles o'er,
The weary march recall,
The conflict and the cannon's roar,
The frost that came and famine bore?
How true her sons to fight and fall,
Or patient bear it all.

O, it was here they fought and bled
And held the foe at bay.
Here they rejoiced when famine fled
And heaven's bounty came instead,
And here they built and paved the way,
Long, long before our day.

Now, to the farm, the humble cot,
Content we come and go;
Whate'er misfortune be our lot,
A land, a native land we've got.
What greater gift can heaven bestow
To keep our hearts aglow?

And here, far as the eye can reach,
When come the summer skies,
We point to wood and lake and beach
And say with heart too full for speech:
"It is our native land that lies
So fair before our eyes."

And though we left, for regions bound
'Mid gold-clouds far away,
And though we danced a starry-round
Where neither tear nor sigh were found;
To this poor land, both night and day,
Our longing thoughts would stray.

O Northland of a thousand lakes,
Of faith and minstrelsy,
Our infant eye to thee awakes,
Our dust thy bosom kindly takes.
O Motherland be glad and free,
Nor blush for poverty.

Thy future in the bud confined
Shall break its prison cell,
And in our true affection find
A beauty of the royal kind;
Then jubilant our song shall swell
And greater tidings tell.

THE CITY OF SUFFERING.

O that city, have you seen it?
Flowers and maple trees between it
And the thoroughfare.
Weary mortals, tempest driven
Like a ship, all wrecked and riven,
Find a haven there.

City of the pallid faces,
Full of peaceful resting places,
Flowers upon the tinted shelf.
Just a hospital in practice,
But you feel it, and the fact is,
'Tis a city in itself.

Have you traveled through that city?
Greater, then, must be your pity,
Warmer must your hand-clasp be.
Not for you are pride and splendor
But a feeling deep and tender
For the suffering ones you see.

Far below it swings the trolley,
Buildings rise across the alley
Higher still and higher ;
Dim and distant look the people
And the far cathedral steeple
Gleams with sunset fire.

Soft and low, her footsteps hushing,
O'er the carpets tufted cushion,
On her round the sister comes,
Turns the pillow, smooths the cover
For some one just carried over,
Rescued from the city slums.

Close beside him on the dresser,
Are the flowers she brought, God bless her,
"Just to freshen up the room."
Fragrant flowers, smelling sweeter
Mid the lingering fumes of ether
Than in gardens all abloom.

O, the battle and the crisis
When the fever falls and rises
In the time of dread;
When the midnight hour comes stealing
And the shadows on the ceiling
Are the loved and dead.

Then she comes, the courage-giver,
With her smile as kind as ever,
With her tender care,
And the fluttering pulse grows stronger
And the eyes are closed no longer
In a mute despair.

O, how great the work and holy
Thus to labor for the lowly,
To uplift, inspire.
Fondly still, the memory lingers
Like a song sung by the singers
Of an angel choir.

THE POLICE JUDGE.

I long for flowers growing
O'er meadow, hill and dale;
For wind through hedges blowing.
I long for thrush and quail,
The hawks that overawe them
I even long to meet,
Although I seldom see them,
My home is on the street.

Through windows mud bespattered
The glaring sunlight falls,—
The paper torn and tattered
Hangs on my office walls.
No painting by the masters,
No landscape of De Vouges,
But tales of grim disasters
And gallery of rogues.

O, sweet it is to listen,
To women free from guile
When eyes with love light glisten
And faces beam and smile,
But those who tower o'er me
To such a view are blind,
The women brought before me
Are not the virtuous kind.

The poet's necromancy
Was once within my reach,
I sailed the ship of fancy
To many a tropic beach ;
But now I keep the docket,—
The book of ordinance,—
My fancy,—drudgery took it,
Or frightened it, perchance.

And yet, though fancy passes,
Back to its fairy land,
Among the lowly masses
I gladly take my stand.
I've learnt by passing through it,
That most of those who fall,
Are not, if we but knew it,
So wicked after all.

*NECKANS POLKA.**A Translation.*

In the ocean 'neath the crystal cover
Neckan slumbers in coral vale,
Stars of night are bending brightly over,
Over wood, over hill, and dale,
And the evening scatters sombre beauty round,
On the zephyr not a murmur, not a sound,
To break the stillness of night's repose
When from his castle the king of ocean goes.

Agir's daughters are rocking slowly
The kind of ocean across the deep.
The harper's music is melancholy;
It seeks a grave where the willows weep.
Not a messenger in heaven meets his eye
To betoken that the queen of night is nigh:
Freja's decking her golden hair,
And pensive Neckan plays a mournful air.

"Oh, where art thou, brightest star of heaven
In the rapturous evening hour,
Thou who once to me on earth was given,
Was my bride in the ocean bower;
Fairy maid of more than earthly charms,
Coming shy and trembling to my arms,
In the waves beneath the jeweled sky,
When the golden harp stood silent by.

But my loved one was by Oden taken
Placed to shine upon Gimle's throne
And the singer is left forsaken,
He possesses her name alone;
But the gods shall win the victory
Over evil and the world be free,
Then we'll meet on the billows blue
And play the golden harp in regions new."

Thus he sang and where the stars are meeting
Freja looked from her azure throne,
Smiled and gave him a silent greeting
But her tears in the twilight shone,
And the trembling waves her image mild
Mirrored back to heaven when she smiled,
Then enraptured his fingers flew
O'er the golden harp on billows blue.

Now the maids of night are drawing nearer,
They tread the dance in the evening still
And the melody grows sweeter, clearer,
As it echoes from hill to hill,
But when all the East in purple glows
From the dance the gentle maiden goes,
Bids the singer a sad adieu,
And silent is the harp on billows blue.

THE KANSAS GIRL.

O, come my harp, let music stream
From every quivering string,
The Kansas girl shall be my theme,
For her let music ring.
Last night amid the party's throng
She set my head awhirl,
But still I'll sing a joyful song
To every Kansas girl.

I heard the music's rhythmic flow
I saw those maidens rare,
Upon their cheeks the sunset glow
Had painted roses fair,
And Cupid with his bow and dart,
Was hiding mid their very curls.
Ah, woe unto the lover's heart,
For dangerous are the Kansas girls.

I hear the railroad engines blast,
It warns that I must go,
I know not where my lot is cast;
But whether mid the polar snow
Or Kansas sunlight clear,
Or where the wind o'er desert whirls
I still shall treasure memories dear
Of all the Kansas girls.

THE MOTHER.

Oh songster of the forest, where have you winged
your flight?

In vain I sit and listen for your melodies tonight.

The Autumn leaves are falling, the flowers all are
dead,

The maples by the roadside are dressed in tints of red.

Oh happy bird of Summer, melodious and free,

You need not fear the tempest or the raging winter
sea,

You have journeyed o'er the ocean to the children of
the sun,

And you build and sing and carol, your nesting time
begun.

O have you seen my lost one who left so long ago,

And sailed into the distance when the sun was sink-
ing low,

To seek that land so wonderful across the viewless
track

That takes our sons and daughters and does not give
them back?

O stately was the vessel bound for the land of gold,

It plowed into the open sea where glittering billows
rolled,

It took our dearest treasures from cottage, thorp and
hall,

And my darling was the fairest and the loveliest of
them all.

She had eyes as blue as heaven, she had hair of sun-
light spun,
And her cheeks were like the roses where the moun-
tain streamlets run
And she left with many a promise to return ere many
years,
But tonight my hopes have vanished and my eyes are
filled with tears.

Our little farm has prospered and full the orchard
stands,
But all our little treasures pass into other hands,
Oh, songster of the forest, could I but follow you
Across the hills and valleys, across the ocean blue.

I would seek her till I found her though I traveled
night and day,
And fold her to my bosom where in babyhood she lay.
Feel again the thrilling pleasure that the mothers only
know,
While I kissed her lips and forehead as I used to, long
ago.

THE DESERT.

We saw a lake from shore to shore,
But not a boat the billows bore.
It lay so fair beneath the sky,
We called, but no one gave reply
Save echoes that our voice pursued
Into the boundless solitude.
Deluded from the path we turned,
The endless desert round us burned,
But on we pressed with eager feet,
Now it was near, the water sweet,
And now again it seemed afar
But beckoning like a friendly star,
Until at last, bewildered, lost,
We saw but where the billows tossed
Their silvery spray upon the beach,
So clear and cool but out of reach.
Then all at once the picture fair
Grew dim and vanished in the air.
Calm lay the desert as before,
With sage and cactus scattered o'er.
Our strength was gone, our courage gone,
We would have perished every one
But for the guide who found us there,
Bewildered by the burning air,
And cheered us on and brought us safe
Back to the river's cooling wave.

One day the engine's measured stroke
The silence of the centuries broke,
A hundred men with spade and drill,
Were tunneling through a giant hill;
They turned the river's mighty flow
All harnessed on the plain below.
How strange it seemed to wake from sleep,
From centuries of slumber deep.
The Indians on the mountain range
Looked awe-struck on the wondrous change.
The desert that they used to dread,
By evil spirits tenanted;
The cactus field, the valley bare,
Grew verdant with a beauty rare.

THE PRAIRIE SONGSTER.

O, songster of the prairie, where have you winged
your flight?

In vain I sit and listen for your melodies tonight.
The autumn leaves are falling, the flowers all are dead,
The sumac in the valley is dressed in tents of red.

Soon will the rolling river in icy chains be bound,
I seem to hear it murmur with a sad and muffled
sound.

O, are you in the land where eternal summer reigns?
Where the antelopes are sporting in freedom o'er the
plains?

Where the figs and the bananas in wild profusion
grow,
And the ocean's balmy breezes over hills and valleys
blow.

Are you sitting in the branches when the evening
hours begin,
And listening to the music of the joyous violin?

Where the southern youths and maidens in a world of
rapture meet,
And, in nature's verdant bowers, dance among the
flowers sweet,
Do you fill the air with music when they part and
wander home,
And the amorous moon is gliding up in the starry
dome?

Are you listening to the thunder of the cataract rushing down

In a cloud of mist and vapor from the mountain's snowy crown?

Where condor and the eagle build upon the precipice,
And the springs of leaping water far below them boil and hiss?

Have you journeyed o'er the ocean when it slumbered like a child,

Nothing on its placid bosom to betray its passions wild;

Or when it was roused and angry, did you hear the thunder shock

Of the vessel that was breaking into fragments on the rock?

Did you stop and take a message that the struggling sailor gave

For the loved ones ere he vanished down beneath the ocean wave?

Have you seen the old Parthenon, ruined, overgrown with moss

And the excavated cities buried in Vesuvius?

Have you sung in the arena where the gladiators fell,
And among the thousand ruins that of other heroes tell?

Ah, the palaces of Caesar now to dust are crumbling fast,

And their tales of ancient splendor sound like fables of the past.

But you care not for the glory and the palaces of old,
You would rather seek the farmer and the shepherd
with his fold,
Or the happy children playing by the lowly cottage
door,
And to them your joys and sorrows in melodious
music pour.

DREAMING OF HOME.

Around me the shadows
 Of evening descend,
And the groves and the meadows
 In phantasy blend,
And the farmer comes home to the cots where I roam;
 But my heart is afar
 Where the loved ones are—
I am dreaming of home, I am dreaming of home.

There comes from the lilies
 A message of peace
And the slumbering rill is
 Reflecting the trees
In the glimm'ring light from the heavenly dome;
 But my heart is afar,
 Where the loved ones are—
I am dreaming of home, I am dreaming of home.

The birds in the shadows
 Are whisp'ring of love
And sweet are the meadows,
 The flowers and grove,
But they're not like my own o'er the deep ocean's
 foam;
 For that land is so fair,
 And the loved ones are there—
I am dreaming of home, I am dreaming of home.

DR. C. A. SWENSON.

How the pictures rise before me as I gaze into the
past,
See the tented wagons coming drifting o'er the prairie
vast!

Here the settlers camp and picket, stake their homesteads
one by one,
Here where there are trees and water, shelter from
the wind and sun.

Indian warriors grim and painted, gaze in wonder on
the scene,
Roaming with their bows and arrows where the oxen
graze serene.

Sleepless nights upon the prairie, journeys to the
railroad far,
Deeds of daring pass before me brilliant as the morning
star.

Hopefully the prairies blossom where the settlers
build and break,
See the wheatfields and the verdure nature's dormant
powers awake.

By the cottage, by the river, o'er the winding buffalo
path,
Springs the orchards into beauty in the sun's electric
bath.

But the rising generation, how shall their young minds
unfold,

When the spirit droops and sickens in the ceaseless
quest for gold?

Thus we asked, and while we waited came the one
we needed most,

It was Swenson, C. A. Swenson, in himself a valiant
host.

Came with youth's hot pulses throbbing, scattered joy
on every hand,

Filled with hope the weary masses toiling toward the
sunset land.

Champion of a higher learning, champion of the true
and good,

Of a stronger, worthier manhood, and a nobler wom-
anhood.

All his wealth of mind he lavished, all his giant
strength he gave,

Wakened music from its slumber, poetry from ob-
livion's grave.

Every Sabbath from the pulpit to us all his message
came,

Lifting to a higher level with his eloquence and flame.

At his lectures in the chapel in the sacred morning
hour,

Filled us with his inspiration and with love's trans-
forming power.

See, upon the college campus, by the school he loved
so well,

Daisy fields are all in blossom, clover buds in beauty
swell

But no more he comes to greet us with his hand clasp
warm and strong,

For he sleeps upon the prairie in the sleep so calm and
long.

Round thy brow, O Bethany College, beautiful his
memory gleams,

Here the scholar comes and lingers, here the lover
comes and dreams.

O! our songs are unavailing when the spirit great has
fled,

Words of cheer no joy awaken in the cold heart of
the dead.

Eagerly the river rushes onward to the boundless sea,
Heedless of the wind's caresses and the songsters'
melody.

Yonder hill in vapor shrouded tells of mystery and
gloom,

But a joyful spirit whispers from a thousand flowers
in bloom.

And we wait with hope and patience for the mist to
roll away,

For the beautiful to triumph and the true to win the
day.

THE TRAVELERS.

Oh, travelers, in the heat and dust,
Come in across the meadow
And share my coffee and my crust
Within the maple's shadow.

Here where the hedge balls hang in rows,
Where golden-rods are flaunted,
As fair as any flower that grows
In regions wonder-haunted.

I care not where your lot's been cast,
'Mid garden bloom or heather;
It matters not, the past is past,
We're comrades here together.

You, too, have heard the luring cry
Of woods and meadows calling,
The music 'neath the western sky,
The mountain torrents falling.

Tell me of places you have seen,
The fairy tales of wonder,
The moss-hung branches, dark and green,
That you have wandered under.

And I will weave it into rhyme
With feeling deep and tender,
You shall be hero every time
Dressed in the old time splendor.

The flowers wild are free to all,
The air is free forever ;
The turtle dove, the bluebirds call
And darkling flows the river.

We'll follow in the sunset's track
Without a guide or leader,
The wilderness our bivouac,
Our shelter pine and cedar.

Or shall we rest upon the sand,
Our campfire brightly burning,
In Montezuma's speechless land
'Mid empires unreturning?

The star-swept sky will bend above,
The ruins tell the story,
All silently of hate and love
And vanished pomp and glory.

How sad the haunting bugles blow,
What odorous winds are wafted
Until the morning comes, aglow,
With sunbeams golden-shafted.

Calm lies the desert at our feet,
No prowling foe attacked us ;
The yucca blooms, the air is sweet,
High towers the giant cactus.

ONLY A DREAM.

Heaven's stars are growing dimmer,
Skies in melting purple glimmer,
Clouds and shadows break;
Turtle-doves are softly cooing,
Winds across the prairie blowing,
And the songsters wake.

In the topmost branches swinging,
Hear them warbling, hear them singing,
As they greet the day.
Where the glorious notes are streaming,
Sleeping yet and fondly dreaming
Sits a sparrow gray.

As it dreams it joins the chorus
Of the music floating o'er us,
Little foolish thing;
Beautiful the song is sounding.
Sparrow's heart with joy is bounding,
Oh, how sweet they sing.

Now in ecstasy they're soaring,
All their hearts in music pouring
Through the prairie-grove,
And the birds around them flying
Stop to listen, softly sighing,
When they sing of love.

From the eastern purple lining
O'er the plain the sun is shining
And the sparrow wakes;
Tries to follow in the singing
But its chirp so harshly ringing,
In the music breaks.

There are people like the sparrow;
Mingled waves of joy and sorrow
Beat within the breast;
They would sing a song rejoicing
All the hopes and sorrows voicing
Of a soul's unrest.

But the broken notes are straying
Through their singing, through their playing,
With discordant ring;
They have listened to the poet
And they know it, O they know it,
That they cannot sing.

But sometime their souls are glowing,
Thrilled, enraptured, overflowing
With a burst of song;
And sometime to ease the paining
Of the heart, they sit complaining
In their broken tongue.

TO THE BOYS OF COMPANY D.,
McPHERSON, KANSAS.

On their departure for Mexico, June, 1916.

How grand you looked that day in June as on the
field's incline

You answered to the bugle's call and marshaled into
line,

Tanned by the wind, the Kansas sun,

O, we had known you every one

Through hardships that had come and gone,

In work, in rain and shine.

All ripening stood the fields of wheat upon that sum-
mer morn,

The meadows waited for the mower and for the plow
the corn,

And yet you came, you left it all

In answer to your country's call,

To march, to fight, perhaps to fall

On battlefields forlorn.

We know not what your orders are, where you shall
make your stand,

Perhaps upon some arid plain beyond the Rio Grande,

But still our hearts are all aglow

With hope and joy, for this we know,

A gleam shall follow where you go

To glorify the land.

Reared on the freedom-loving plains, sons of the
pioneer,
You helped to tame the wilderness and win the splen-
dors here.

Fling out your colors 'neath the sky,
The threatening forces drawing nigh
Shall quail before that banner high
In panic-stricken fear.

O there are fertile prairies there and beauty spots, we
know,
And lakes that sparkle in the sun and catch the after-
glow,
But fearful is the tyrant's spell,
The bandits of the chaparral,
The greed, the hate that none can tell.
Oh, stricken Mexico.

Here are your homes, your friends are here and here
the skies are blue,
But bugles blow;—Good-by! Good luck to you our
soldiers true;
When war's mad rage at last is spent
Come back to us from camp and tent
As glad, as willing as you went
When Duty called you.

*A MORNING PICTURE.**(From the Swedish of Bellman)*

Hushed the storm and billows are,
And the gleaming morning star,
Now its lonely watch forsaking,
Fades away; the day is breaking.

Fogs are lifted,
From us drifted,

Birds by song of rapture gifted.
Winds are dancing o'er the plain,
Rattling door and window pane,
Asp and maples quiver,

The black-cock by the river
Now is drumming
And the humming.

To his barn the farmer coming
And in the stove
Grasses and things
Sputter and glow
Till aflame it springs.

The porridge pots are steaming higher;
And the farmer there
With a smiling air
Hunts for his tobacco fire
In the field alone
Leaning on a stone
Stands the early Dalaker.

See the man behind the bar
Dusting where the bottles are,
 And a minute after
Stand and shake with laughter,
 Smoke and banter
 With the hunter
And the customers that enter.

The madame down beside the stand
Leans her head upon her hand.
At her work she's plodding
Slumbering and nodding.

 The sun climbs higher,
 And his fire

Shines upon the goblet by her.

 From the river bed
 The mill sounds clear—
 Hear from the shed—
 Oh, did you hear?

The cheerful sound of the village smithy?

 The blacksmith tall and slim
 In the shadows dim

Now begins his morning ditty.

 Swings the hammer high,
 Makes the embers fly

Dancing 'neath the rafters bare.

 Bracing is the morning air
 Every bud and flower fair
 Bathes in dew its chalice
 By both hut and palace.

The day grows sweeter
And completer
With perfume the flowers greet her.
The woods are painted dark and blue;
Hills and mountains come to view
With both sheep and cattle;
Children run and prattle
Of the weather
O'er the heather,
Call their straying herds together.
Over the crops
The lark arose;
The rooster flaps
His wings and crows!
And all nature stirs and wakens
Beautiful and gay,
Dressed for work or play.

KANSAS.

O, land of rolling prairies,
Land of the restless throng
That cannot stop but hurries
In eager haste along.

Our freedom's sun descending
Hung by the western strand
When thou its cause defending
Upraised thy infant hand.

The North and South were sundered
And threatening grew the sky
'Round thee the cannons thundered
And sung thy lullaby

The fire that thou hadst lighted
Soon spread from sea to sea
And slavery fled affrighted,
Four million slaves were free.

Hushed is the sound of battle,
The cannons flaming red.
See herds of grazing cattle
And fields of wheat instead.

O, pioneers and heroes
Oft hidden in the blast
Of smoke and battle near us,
We know your worth at last.

Your aged feet are turning
To leave the battle's brunt,
But troops with pulses burning
Are pressing to the front.

And still the cry is "Forward
For liberty and truth."
There is no faltering coward
Among the Kansas youth.

God speed your youthful forces
Ye regiments of toil,
You have the vast resources
Of Kansas' fertile soil.

Lift nearer to the summit
Our golden "Sunflower State,"
And banish evil from it,
Seek for the good and great.

THE IDEAL.

My dream-world, how its towers
Fade as the bayonets gleam;
My faith in human powers;
My fond Utopian dream.
I dreamt it in my childhood,
I dreamt it in my home
Beside a river-wildwood
Where fairies used to roam.

For I was born 'mid splendor
Of prairies rolling free,
And loving hands and tender
Were those that sheltered me.
The leaping prairie-fire,
The bolts by lightning hurled,
The buds on tree and briar
Made wonderful my world.

The fields of necromancy
Were then within my reach,
I sailed the ship of Fancy
To many a tropic beach.
I drew from magic places
The nymphs of fairyland
To tread with me the mazes
Of music, hand in hand.

O sweet it was to listen
To woman free from guile,
When Love had broken prison
And beamed in look and smile,
And still my being quivers
To that first ecstasy
As glad as mountain rivers
That join to meet the sea.
My daily work and duty
Were dear to me as life.
I dreamt of love and beauty
I woke to war and strife,
And something great had vanished,
Some earthly hope and trust,
Some cherished dreams were banished,
Some flowers turned to dust.
Is there no higher vision
Such as I fancied then?
Are there no fields Elysian?
Then let me dream again.
Let me forget the real,
The muddy, rolling stream,
Give me the high ideal,
O give me back my dream!
Let me believe the glory
Of goodness, truth of heart,
Though battlefields are gory
And friends and lovers part.
Let me believe the hour
Has come when right must win
O'er hate, and lust for power,
O'er tyranny and sin.

THE AVIATOR.

Like a ship that is tempest driven
He fell in his aeroplane,
Down, down from the starry heaven
To the foot of the mountain chain.

They called him a reckless rider,
They said he was overbold,
In this city with mines beside her
Where the people dug for gold.

But he told not a word of his story,
Of his flight over lake and wood,
Not a word of the thrill and the glory
For they would not have understood.

He thanked for the water given
From the spring at the mountain side,
He raised his eyes to heaven
And folded his hands and died.

They know not, who dwell in that city,
Of his dream to conquer the skies,
And never a tear of pity
Is shed where the rider lies.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

In the shade and the quiver
Of cottonwoods tall,
Where the quail by the river
Is piping its call,
A farmer boy wanders.
Of the wonderful things
That solitude brings
He dreams and he ponders.

Around him the shadows
Of evening descend,
And the groves and the meadows
In phantasy blend;
And the fairies have opened their portal
Over the prairie they stray,
And the music, the play,
Is too sweet for the ears of a mortal.

Round the youth they are weaving
Their wonderful spell,
Was he sad? was he grieving?
No mortal can tell.
But like one from a slumber he started,
He is joining the band;
See! the queen gives her hand,
O! the queen she is fair, but cold hearted.

Scarcely bending the grasses
Her tiny feet fly,
And the wind as it passes
In ecstasy by
Throws her willowy hair on his shoulder.
"O, what rapture to be
In the dancing with thee"
Were the only words that he told her.

But the music is ceasing
As strange as it came,
The light increasing,
The sky is aflame.
How soon it was over
That midsummer night;
Not a fairy in sight.
All alone are the youth and old Rover.

But oft when the shadows
Of evening descend,
And the groves and the meadows
In phantasy blend,
And the monotone crickets are playing;
Where the echoes are heard
Of the sad mocking bird
A lonely farmer is straying.

Come softly and listen,
He plays on his flute
When the moon has risen
And the songsters are mute—

You shall linger and listen enraptured.
For the melody speaks,
Of the loved one he seeks
'Tis the music from fairyland captured.

Each evening he follows
The river and streams;
O'er the buffalo hollows
Where the firefly gleams
He seeks for the queen of the prairie,
But he gazes in vain
Over valley and plain
For that loved but mysterious fairy.

He has sought where the lilies
Are fanned by the breeze,
And down where the rill is
Reflecting the trees,
By the moon's ever varying glimmer
He has sought her at night
Till the prairie fire's light
In the distance grew dimmer and dimmer.

But she's gone, and he never
Shall find her again.
Oh garlanded river,
Oh valleys and glen,
Oh birds of the prairies
Who come every spring
And carrol and sing
Why comes not the queen of the fairies?

*THE PEASANT GIRL.**(From the Swedish of Runeberg.)*

The evening came, the setting sun, the quiet and peaceful shadows;

A light of pallid purple glowed on cottages and meadows.

And from their labor came a troop of tired militia-men

Their task was done and they returned back to their homes again.

The day was won, the harvest reaped, the battle-field forsaken.

A bold marauding enemy was slain or captive taken. They'd hastened out to stop their march before the morning chime,

When all was turned to victory, then it was evening time.

Not far from where the battle raged, by wood and meadow skirted

Beside the road a cottage stood, at that time half-deserted;

Upon the stair a maiden sat and saw the troops go by, Returning to their peaceful homes beneath the evening sky.

She gazed like those who seek someone; who knows
what she was thinking?

Her cheeks were redder than the sun in western
purple sinking.

She looked so eager where she sat, so tremulous and
sweet,

And if she listened as she gazed, she heard her own
heart beat.

But silently the troop went by, close to the cottage
turning;

To every rank, to every man she sent a question burn-
ing,

A question in the eyes appeal, expressed without a
word,

As silent as the sigh that died upon her lips unheard.

When the last rank had come and gone, when every
one had passed her,

Then the poor maiden's courage failed, her grief she
could not master;

Like one resigned her forehead sank into her open
palm

And sweetly came a flood of tears with sorrow's heal-
ing balm.

"Why do you weep? Have courage, girl, for hope
may come tomorrow.

O daughter hear your mother's voice; in vain is all
your sorrow;

The one you sought but could not find a little while
ago,

He is not dead, he thought of you and he will come
I know.

He thought of you, before he went, I counseled him
in quiet,

Not to rush blindly into war or into battle's riot.

Unwillingly he joined the troops, 'mid gleaming lance
and shield;

The joys of life were dear to him and hard the battle-
field."

The maiden looked with anguish, up and rose, when
she had spoken,

As if some wild, foreboding fear her silent grief had
broken.

She did not wait, she cast a look out where the field
was won,

And silently she stole away, grew dimmer and was
gone.

A moment passed, the night was near, the sky began
to show it,

A cloud was floating silver-white, but twilight lay
below it.

"She lingers long. O daughter come! In vain is all
your fear;

Tomorrow ere the morning sun, your bridegroom will
be here."

The daughter came, she did not hear, her mother's
voice consoling;

Her tender eyes no longer dim with tears beyond con-
trolling,

But O, her hand in greeting given, was colder than the
night,

Her cheeks more pallid than the cloud in heaven float-
ing white.

“Make me a grave, O mother dear! My hopes were
all unfounded,
The one to whom I gave my love, fled when the bugle
sounded ;
He thought of me and of himself when danger was at
hand,
Unfaithful to his brethren’s hope and to his native
land.

I found him not among the ranks returning slowly
near us,
But thought that like a man he lay among the fallen
heroes ;
So precious was his memory then, I shed no bitter
tears,
I only asked to live and mourn for him a thousand
years.

O mother, I have searched the field, where now the
shadows hover,
But none among the fallen bore the features of my
lover.
Ill-fated land if all were false when foes are drawing
nigh,
I found him not among the dead and therefore let me
die.”

*THE HEROES OF THE SPANISH-
AMERICAN WAR.*

The bugle notes are falling
O'er cities, towns and farms,
It is the nation calling
The cry, to arms! to arms!

There, where the crowds are meeting,
Some aged veterans come,
Their hearts are wildly beating,
To hear the fife and drum.

O! pioneers and heroes,
Oft hidden in the blast
Of smoke and battle near us,
We know your worth at last.

Your aged steps are turning
To leave the battle's brunt,
But troops with pulses burning
Are pressing to the front.

And still the cry is "Forward
For liberty and truth!"
There is no faltering coward
Among the Kansas youth.

They see the flashing sabre,
They hear the cannon's boom,
These men whose patient labor
Has made the desert bloom.

They leave the friends they cherish,
O do you understand—
To fight, perhaps to perish,
Upon a foreign strand.

When fever runs its riot
Will there be faces sweet,
And tender hands to quiet
The heart's convulsive beat?

See the white tents are gleaming
Down by the Mexic tide;
The blue and gray are dreaming
Of victory side by side.

And heavy ships are coming
To bear our soldiers o'er—
Hear, hear the cannons booming
Upon the Cuban shore.

O friends! we can but bid you
A lingering, fond good-bye,
Our hopes, our hearts are with you
Beneath the Southern sky.

ROSE MARIE.

Saloons are everywhere
And eyes upon us glare
Who feel no pity,
In buildings old and gray,
Around a large cafe
Deep in the city.

And dainty Rose Marie
Who came across the sea
Is waiting table,
She with the deep blue eyes
That bards immortalize
In song and fable.

The air within the room
Is filled with liquor fume
From cups and glasses,
And to her table come
From boulevard and slum
All ranks and classes.

She moves from chair to chair
So innocent and fair
And does her duty;
Her woman's mighty power
Just bursting into flower
And radiant beauty.

Still linger in her eyes
The wonder and surprise
Of a new comer
And written in her face
Are simple country ways
And smile of summer.

She knows not that the truth
And purity of youth
Are held the cheapest—
That those who love the most
Are ruined and lost
And sink the deepest.

But e'er her soul shall feel
The crushing hobo's heel,
Like some poor flower,
Some desert wanderer
Among the souls that err
May feel her power.

And read the truth that lies
In those deep azure eyes
And courage gather,
To turn his step once more
Back to the open door,
Back to the Father.

COMRADES.

We met behind the friendly banks
Made by a shell-torn crater,
I was a private in the ranks
And he an aviator.
His plane lay wrecked upon the field
In No Man's Country stranded,
A mass of flame from wing to shield,
Deserted where he landed.

We talked of places far away
From that ill-fated heather
For we had met in U. S. A.
And traveled much together.
Again we lived through every scene,
We saw the land of wonder,
The moss-hung branches dark and green
That we had wandered under.

We followed in the settler's track
Without a guide or leader,
The wilderness our bivouac,
Our shelter pine and cedar.
We camped upon the rolling plain
Beside the peaceful river,
We saw the reapers in the grain,
The children glad as ever.

They had not felt the Demon's breath
Within those peaceful borders,
They had not heard the cry of Death,
The Kaiser's frightful orders;
Nor heard, O, God, beneath the skies
The prayers of children lonely;
Nor seen the cheeks, the hungry eyes
That speak of suffering only.

Why are we here? we sometimes ask
When loud the sabres rattle,
Why did we leave our peaceful task
For suffering and battle?
O we are here to stem the flood
That threatens every nation!
We were not human if we stood
And watched this desolation.

THE CITY.

In Germany, above the mountain cedar,
It towers high with minarets aglow,
Among the gayest of the gay, a leader
In sport and fashion and the glittering show.

There lived a race who gathered wealth and treasure
In stately palace, in the castle grand,
Who lived for power for fashion and pleasure
And had no care for toilers of the land.

And yet they knew that in the darkness dwelling
Another people held the mountain's base,
That fortune's roses in the sunlight swelling
Drew life and bloom from this neglected race.

In that fair city, 'mong the trees and flowers,
A singer lived, the favorite of all,
Whose voice had magic and refreshing powers
Like David's music to the heart of Saul.

Hers was the power, the joy, to charm and capture
The hearts of men with the sweet gift of song,
To win the loud applause, to feel the rapture,
The inspiration of the listening throng.

Tired of the feast one night she left the castle
With flowers and roses that her songs had won,
And down she passed from the electric dazzle,
Down to the plain where deep the rivers run.

From wretched huts and midnight hiding places
Arose a sound as of a muddy stream;
Among those scenes, among those haggard faces,
With her poor flowers she stood as in a dream.

Into her basket hungry eyes were staring
But fell the torch light on the flowers and moss,
A laugh was heard, half mocking, half despairing,
"She brings us flowers, only flowers, for us."

"What can you give, Oh lady, with your riches?
Our homes are cold, our children cry for bread,
Our men are rotting in the Kaiser's ditches,
Give us our sons, give us our loved and dead."

She fled affrighted but the haggard faces
Before her eyes as apparitions came.
Sweet were the flowers in the familiar places
But pleasure's world did not appear the same.

The feast was o'er, the revellers departed,
The lords and ladies of the castle slept,
She could not sleep, the singer, tender hearted,
She bowed her head upon her hands and wept.

THE FLAG.

The raging fight at last was o'er,
Both friends and foes were sleeping,
And on the silent battlefield
The dewy night was weeping;
Among the fallen ones who lay
Upon the field of death
Was one, forgotten and alone,
Whose spirit lingered yet.

The fevered hand with iron grasp
A starry flag was holding,
Whose folds fell softly on his breast,
The slender form enfolding.
It was the flag his valor saved
Upon that hard fought day;
The one for which he gladly gave
His youthful life away.

Hark! Listen, see from yonder plain
By wood and meadow skirted,
A girl comes riding to the field
Of battle, now deserted.
The glances from her anxious eyes
Are piercing through the night;
The wavy hair falls round a face
Flushed by the hurried flight.

Oh! now she passes near the youth
Whose life is swiftly fleeting;
She stops and looks with startled eyes,
Perhaps she heard him breathing,
Her gaze falls on the slender form
Wrapped in the starry shroud,
And then upon the stillness rings
A cry of anguish loud.

Again we plunge into the fight,
For peaceful night is ended,
And densely rolling clouds of smoke
With tongues of flame are blended.
The remnant of our army stands
Cut off from all retreat,
But fighting bravely, though they know
It only means defeat.

Then from the clouds of blinding smoke,
Out where the guns are flashing,
A girl upon a charger swift,
Comes to the battle dashing,
She waves aloft the battle flag
To every soldier dear,
The flag that floated o'er the field
When victory was near.

O! hear that shout, that wild hurrah!
See o'er the trenches leaping
Our shattered ranks against the foe
In bayonet charge are sweeping.
No human power could long withstand
That wild and fierce attack,
At every point along the lines
The foes are driven back.

When all was o'er and victory won,
Among the dead we found her,
The banner that her lover saved
Was fondly wrapped around her.
The dainty hand around the staff
In death had firmly closed
And calmly now upon the field
The lovely form reposed.

We raised the flag above our dead,
In all its battle-beauty.
No weakly, unmanly tears we shed,
Had they not done their duty?
The glorious flag we loved so well
Was floating proudly near us,
Unconquered still it rose and fell
Above the dead, the heroes.

PLAYMATES.

Beneath the rosy tinted eastern sky
A cottage stood, the rivulet flowing by
Wound here and there and loitered on its way,
To sing and babble like a child at play,
The tireless swallow dipped her pinions there
And giant trees that towered in the air,
Spread out their boughs, and in the shade beneath
Two children sat and bound a daisy-wreath,
A little fellow and his playmate fair.
Their prattling fell like music on the air.
Their task was done, the wreath was finished now,
He rose and placed it on her fair young brow
And then they played upon the meadow green;
He was the king and she the fairy queen.

Thus passed the years till they were grown,
Then came the call, the order,
"To arms! to arms!" The bayonets shone,
The Germans crossed the border.
And where the children used to come
With song and joyful prattle,
There fell the sons of Belgium
In fierce, defensive battle.
When darkness came upon the scene
The bullets still were flying
But he who played upon the green
Lay 'mong the dead and dying.
Forgotten were the flash and gleam,
The wounded round him reeling.
A vision or perhaps a dream
Came o'er his senses stealing.

A hand was stretched his wounds to bind,
A hand so soft and tender,
And spirit-eyes so wondrous kind
Shone in their midnight splendor.
She raised his head but did not speak,
His face to heaven turning.
She touched his temple and his cheek,
They were so hot and burning,
And then she vanished as she came.
He could not hear her speaking.
The cannons shot their tongues of flame,
The shells were round them shrieking,
At last he woke, his wounds were dressed,
His limbs felt better, stronger.
The morning wind his brow caressed
As if men fought no longer.
He looked around upon the scene.
Hushed were the noise and rattle
But she who played upon the green
Lay on the field of battle.
Shot as she passed the line at night,
Where Love and Duty brought her,
Her stiffened hands were holding tight
His helmet filled with water.

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

Dark it lies, a town forsaken,
But the "First Relief" has taken
Quarters there tonight.
And the rescue force advances,
On the field, the ambulances
Come with burdens white.

Come with men with haggard faces,
Men from widely scattered places,
Into battle flung,
Some, with fevered brains, who stammer
Of the glory and the glamour,
Some so pale and young.

O the loneliness, the crisis,
When the fever falls and rises
In the time of dread;
When the midnight hour comes stealing
And the shadows on the ceiling
Are the loved and dead.

Nights in trenches on the prairie,
Haunting scenes from Chateau Thierry,
Crowd into review,
Comrades dying unattended,
Noble men whose lives are ended,
Cry from Wood Belleau.

See! The shattered ranks are forming,
Rushing onward, firing, storming
Through the wild Argonne,
And the airplanes, never resting,
Battle in the night, contesting
Every victory won.

Hark! She comes! The men who languish
In that room of pain and anguish,
Breathe a silent prayer,
For she comes and bathes and dresses
Wounded limbs and softly blesses
With a nurse's care.

O, I know I cannot paint her
For her spirit-face grows fainter
'Neath the brush or pen.
You must see her serving, bending
O'er the sick, the wounded tending,
Paint her picture then.

Paint her in the midnight lonely,
With the dying, waiting only
For the day to come.
Hear the words of comfort spoken,
See the message left, the token,
For the loved at home.

O the buildings gray and rifted
And the tents on rafters lifted
Sheltered all her sick,
But without the love she's teaching,
What were buildings, heaven-reaching?
Only walls of brick.

THE INDIAN FOUNTAIN.

It runs 'mid the glow and glory
Of trees that are old and hoary,
'Mid fringes of golden rod;
Around it the forest arches
And seems, when the sunlight parches
The fields, like a house of God.

A temple for rich and lowly,
A temple with anthems holy
That banish the thoughts of care.
Untouched by the hand of vandals,
Like Moses without his sandals
You feel you should enter there.

Oh, enter and wander deeper
In the wood for it has no keeper,
No bar to the water sweet;
It beacons across the prairies
As free as the open air is,
A haven for weary feet.

Some trees that have stood for ages
Are green as the desert sage is,
While some are a deeper hue,
And the fountain flows forever,
Forever it seeks the river
That leads to the ocean blue.

It thrills to the morning's laughter,
To splendor that follows after,
When fire-flies dart and flame.
The flowers are so red, so golden,
They grow as in centuries olden,
Before the white man came.

And dancing around the waters
I fancy I see the daughters
And sons of the Indian race
In the light where the waters sparkle,
Where pebbles gleam and darkle,
They gather from every place.

They toil over plain and hollow
Where only the strong can follow ;
They frolic on hill and slope.
In deep ravines and narrow
They hunt with the bow and arrow
The deer and the antelope.

But no one has told their story
In song or in oratory,
Or fashioned a deathless gem.
The spear-head, the broken arrow
Upturned by the plow or harrow
Is all that reminds of them.

And race after race shall follow
To toil over plain and hollow
Through wondrous eternity.
And the fountain flows forever,
Forever it seeks the river
That leads to the open sea.

A SOLDIER'S LOVE.

The evening comes, the waterfowls are trailing
A path in heaven over lake and stream,
From far away the ships are homeward sailing,
They seek the sheltered harbor of their dreams.
And here and there a cottage-light is beaming
A spirit soars upon the wings of song.
My fancy pictures 'mid the glow and gleaming
A dream of love where sacred memories throng.

A dream of love, how sweet the words are falling
Upon my ears, a dream of home and you,
With peace and joy and children's voices calling,
And over all a heaven arching blue.
O I remember on the day we parted
You smiled so bravely when you said, "Good-bye."
You smiled and hid the tears that almost started,
Till we were gone, and then you had your cry.

You should have seen us marching into Paris,
We who had come across the ocean deep,
The last reserves against the foe who carries
The flag of ruin where his armies sweep.
O what a sight it was! the poor, down-trodden,
The children rescued from the dangers near.
You would have liked it, you were born to gladden
The hearts of all with sympathy and cheer.

You should have seen the pure Madonna-faces,
The art that held the centuries of thought.
You should have wandered through the classic places
And seen the gardens to perfection brought.
I know a garden on the rolling prairie,
I know the birds, the trees, the flowers bright.
Beside the gate a bush of elderberry
Stands like a bride dressed in a robe of white.

And you are there, all radiant and tender,
Fair as a morning by the sunlight blessed.
Your soft brown hair a crown of royal splendor;
Above your heart the cross of service pressed.
The beacon-lights that you have lit and tended
Are shining brightly o'er the ocean blue.
God bless the land, the homes we have defended
And bring me back victorious to you.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

In the shade and the cover
Of cottonwoods tall,
Where quails in the clover
Are piping their call,
The lovers wander ;
They whisper of things
That a parting brings,
They dream and they ponder.

Around them the shadows
Of evening descend,
The groves and the meadows
In fantasy blend
'Mid the glow and the glimmer,
So still is the night,
The auto's quick light
Grows dimmer and dimmer.

Pale, pale are the lilies
And heavy with dew,
And down where the rill is
The waters are blue.
But shadowy, broken,
How soon it is past
The farewell, the last,
So tenderly spoken.

A moment she lingers
 In silence alone;
The strong, manly fingers
 Have slipped from her own.
But a sanctified beauty,
 A meaning profound
 Illumines the round
Of her household duty.

O'er cooking and baking
 A fantasy falls,
A world in the making
 Her spirit enthralls.
She lives with the nation
 Of brave Lafayette,
 Where armies have met
In battle formation.

Ablaze is the valley,
 The city, the town.
From highway and alley
 The women come down.
With little ones crying;
 The grief and despair
 Of battle are there,
The dead and the dying.

See! ships on the ocean!
The troops are in sight!
She fills with emotion,
She thrills with delight.
The flags they're bearing
Now leap into view.
O, the red, white and blue!
The true and the daring.

They come and they carry
The hope and the youth
Of the billowy prairie;
The freedom, the truth,
Of the towering Sierras,
O, they land and advance
Where the trenches of France
Rise, terrace on terrace.

When they charge up the burning
The shell-battered height
Their love and their yearning
For freedom and right
Shall shine in their glory.
They bring from the West
The bravest, the best,
To the Orient hoary.

Here, far from the battle,
 By highway and gate,
The horses, the cattle,
 Their masters await
With something like sorrow,
 And people pass on,
 Each seeking the dawn,
A brighter tomorrow.

And oft when the shadows
 Of evening descend,
When the groves and meadows
 In fantasy blend
By cottage and river,
 The voices of light,
 The winds of the night,
Thru cottonwoods quiver.

They whisper so gladly
 A message of cheer,
They whisper so sadly
 When battles are near,
To sweethearts and mothers
 They tell of the love,
 The secret of love,
To suffer for others.

OH! LORD FORGIVE THEM ALL.

Givenchy village lies a wreck,
Givenchy church is bare,
No more the peasant maidens
Come to say their vespers there.
The altar-rails are wrenched apart
With rubbish littered o'er.
The sacred sanctuary lamp
Lies broken on the floor,
And mute upon the crucifix
He looks upon it all—
The great white Christ, the shrapnel scourged
Upon the eastern wall.
He sees the churchyard delved by shells,
The tombstones flung about,
And dead men's skulls,
And white, white bones
The shells have shoveled out,
The trenches running line by line
Thru meadow fields of green—
Mute, mute He hangs
Upon His cross
The symbol of His pain
And as men scourged Him long ago,
They scourge Him once again
There in the lonely war-lit night
To Christ the Lord I call,—
Forgive the men who work Thee harm,
O Lord forgive them all.

TO THE RESCUE.

Onward Christians to the rescue,
Wherefor stand ye idly by?
Hear ye not the sound of conflict?
Hear ye not the battle cry?
'Tis your Master who is calling,
Hasten for the help is late,
'Tis your brothers who are falling,
Dying for the Christian faith.

Chorus:

Onward Christians to the rescue,
Wherefor stand ye idly by?
Onward, onward Christians to the rescue
Wherefor, wherefor stand ye idly by,
Hear ye not the sound of conflict?
Hear ye not the battle cry?
Hear ye, hear ye not the sound of conflict?
Hear ye not the battle cry?

Not to take a mighty city
In the battle's deadly glare,
But with hope and love and pity,
To your brothers in despair,
O' ye parents tender hearted,
With the loved ones round your hearth,
Think of those who now are parted
From the ones they love on earth.

Think of those by mis'ry driven,
Where the heathen banners wave,
Hear the cry that goes to Heaven,
Where no help is near to save.
'Tis a cry that must be heeded
By the Christians ev'rywhere,
O, your help is sorely needed,
Give it with your love and prayer.



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